The National Tribune.

VOL. XXIII-NO. 12.-WHOLE NO. 1167.



The Romance of a Black Virginian.

By B. K. BENSON,

Author of "Who Goes There?" "A Friend With the Countersign," "Bayard's Courier," etc., [COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.]

CHAPTER XXV.

A FLASK FOR TWO. Who's there? Fran. Nay, answer me! Stand and unfold

-Shakspere. Safe, at least for the time, old Squire heard the Federal cavalry march by on

the road. It was clear as the sun that he could not overtake Mosby until that leader should halt, and he saw no indica-tions but those of continued flight and pursuit; so he determined quickly that the best thing for him to do was to return to Mr. West's, whither his master, or at least Usher, would not long delay his com-

He was in the woods. Just how far he must go he knew not, or the precise direc-tion, but Bull Run Mountain was before him; once on its high western slope he would be able to see villages and roads, and make his way; the mountains, in many places, he already knew. He went north west, keeping prudently in the woods. His horse was a good one, but would need feeding. As for his own needs he was armed with a Federal haversack which

he had not yet explored.

After a time he heard cannon, not near enough to perturb him on his own account. but it gave him fear for Mahs Chabley; his course had led him too far from the pursuit to enable him to hear the sound of small-arms. He became extremely cautious; in his uncertainty of the where-abouts of all Federals, he advanced only after looking in every direction; he must cross the road on which the Federals

were moving, but not yet; he would go slow until safe in the mountain.

Toward noon he found a small grassy glade in the midst, of the low woods. The spot was very inviting. He was hungry, and his horse strained at the bridle to crop the good grass; a small brook ran near

He dismounted and picketed his horse graze; then he sat down and rummaged

his haversack.
"Oohm, hahdtack—man w'at fixed up dis blamed stuff didn't had no likin' feh ole Squiah-oohm, salt pohk-I not a-gwine all mixed up—an' w'at dis in de big bot-tle? Hit shake lak some'h'm good feh

He unscrewed the cover of the metal flask and smelt. "Oohmoo! dat des lak dat med'cin Doctoh guv me. Hit mek me fohgit my trou-

Squire did not make himself entirely drunk, neither was he able to preserve complete sobriety. When he got his consent to leave the spot, the sun was descending toward the mountain tops; he had slept; his horse had ceased to eat the tall

He replaced in his haversack the remains of his food, and the big flask atop.

An hour more and he had begun to go an hour more and he had begun to go up the mountain side; and now he concluded, after renewing his courage, that it was no longer needful to keep the thick woods, for here before him was a good. open way seemingly untravelled for long. leading in the right direction; he took it leading in the right direction; he took it and went on more rapidly, for he wanted to attain the western side of the range, while yet there should be good light.

Around him, seemingly unconcerned at the passess or at the poise of the great the passess or at the poise of the great the passess or at the poise of the great the passess or at the poise of the great the passess of the great the passes of the great the great the passes of the great th the nearness or at the noise of the great four-footer that could not climb, squirrels were chattering; one of them scampered across the way, his tail bent in the most

shadow was gloomy, and Squire at first glance was unable to know more than that the man was afoot and in blue, and seemed unarmed. The face was hidden by a drooping bough very near it; yet Squire could see that the stranger's front was presented, and it required no great reasoning to determine that the blue man had a mighty coign of vantage in relation to that leafy branch through which undoubtedly he was peering at the more doubtedly he was peering at the more doubt and a li I axes you to do is to ax him not to talk."

"Mahs Dan ain't no talkin' man, chile; but shu see me heah now, don't shu, Bahney?"

"Alin't we got fuh 'nough, Bahney?"

"Yes, Unc Squiah, you jest tie yo' hoss, an' I gwine to tell you som'h'm. Now le's set down right sheah; an' you needn't be afeahed, feh dey ain't no man in three mile dat shu got any call to be afeahed of. You jest set down. Whose hoss me heah?"

"Ag'in w'at, Bahney? Don't shu see me heah now, don't shu, Bahney?"

"Alin't we got fuh 'nough, Bahney?"

"Yes, Unc Squiah, and all I axes you to do is to ax him not to talkin' man, chile; him

The man came forward; his right hand

was performing violent and mysterious action in the air; in his left was a bunch

"De Lawd amassy!" exclaimed the old "De Lawd amassy!" exclaimed the old man, holding out his hand. "Babney, you fool niggeh, I sho' is proud to see you a-lookin' so habty! I sot on my hoss right sheah, an' I says, says I, 'Dat man yandeh he done plum got los' an' he dunno whah to go, an' so I nee'n' to be akeehed o' him, an' bless Gawd, Bahney, Bahney?" asked Squire, a possible danger I tuck you feh a w'ite man, des 'cazhe recurring to his mind.

To' black skin hit done hide behime de bush. But, bless Gawd, I is glad to see You be'n eat'n sugah?"

you, an' to see you a-lookin' so peaht!
Whah you gwine, Bahney?" and Squire's
voice was not devoid of suspicion.

"I ain't a-gwine nowhah now, Unc

"I sho' is glad to fall in with you ag'in, Unc Squiah, I sho' is," Barney repeated, looking, too, as though he meant what he said; "I be'n a-heahin' about shu, an'

asked the old man kindly. "Caze I knowed my name done got to yo' folks, Unc Squiah. Ain't shu done healed about me f'om yo' folks?" asked

I be'n skeehed dat some wrongdom was a-hatchin', 'caze I knowed dat my name done git to yo' folks, 'caze I helped one of 'em out oveh yondeh, an' I be'n a-wantin'

grily.

"Yes, sah; he smaht a plenty in what he b'longs to; but den ag'in he don't know de fust toot on de big brass hawn."

"He de smahtes' man in dis whole wohl," insisted the old man, hotly.

"How come you know?" asked Barney.

"W'y, ain't I be'n seed him? Ain't I be'n a-workin' up dah at Mahs Tom's fo' mo'e'n three weeks awff an' awn?" Barney, anxiously.

"Cou'se I is, chile; Mahs Dan he done fo' mo'e'n three weeks awff an' awn?" tell me all 'bout seein' you oveh yandeh in An' ain't I heahed him taik? You see me

THEY LIFTED MORGAN AND BROUGHT HIM INTO GEN. PLEASONTON'S TENT."

Mellan' an' Penns'vania, an' he say he heah? You see me heah, now, Bahney? gwine to look out an' pay you back; dat wa't Mabs Dan say."

"He tell you' bout how I helped him out, Unc Squish?"

"Yas, chile, cou'se he do. Mahs Dan he don't hide nothin' f'om me!" the old

"How he gwine to heah?" asked Squire, assurance in his tone. "Kin he heah Mahs Dan talk six mile?"

"But den he mought tell somebody what'd tell de Cap'm," returned the young-

across the way, his tail bent in the most nitra fashionable of convolutions, and hung motionless three feet from earth on the bole of a great oak; Squire watched him.

When the negro's eyes next rested on the path before him, he halted—a man was in the way.

Sunlight had not yet gone in the valley, but here in the woods the mountain shadow was gloomy, and Squire at first glance was unable to know mere than him not to talk."

"But den he mought tell somebody what'd tell de Cap'm," returned the younger negro uneasily.

"You feahed o' me. Bahney? You see headed o' me, chile: I de bes' frien' you got anywhah, Bahney," and old Squire had spoken as though he was laying down a proposition incapable of denial.

"Cou'se I ain't afeahed o' you, Unc

doubtedly he was peering at the more distant horseman.

There was, however, in the stranger's attitude an indescribable something—an indeterminate quality akin to hesitation, yet greater. Yes, Squire had no sooner seen the man than he resolved not to fiee; for the man surely, though motionless, radiated, as it were, a subtile evincement of tremulous alarm.

Squire himself was the first to speak:
"Mahsta, kin you tell me ef you is seed any stray hosses?"

The man came forward; his right hand

of. You jest set down. Whose hoss is dat shu got?"

"Mine; de Cap'm done say he mine feh good. You heah de cannon to-day, chile?"

"Mine; de Cap'm done say he mine feh good. You heah de cannon to-day, chile?"

"Mine; de Cap'm done say he mine feh good. You heah de cannon to-day, chile?"

"Moh, yes, Unc Squiah, an' I done seed wuss' a dat! An' dat's jest what I gwine to tell you 'bout. You know Lieut. Brock? He dead. You know Jinkins? He dead. You know Jinkins? He dead. You know Hawley? Ye' folks is got him, an' Freeman he got Usheh West." The deliverance of this speech was oratorical and effective; at each successive gesture Squire

There was, however, in the stranger's attitude an indescribable something—an good. You heah de cannon to-day, chile?"

"Mine; de Cap'm done say he mine feh good. You have the good. You know Lieut. Brock? He dead. You know Jinkins? He dead. You know Hawley? Ye' folks is got him, an' Freeman he got Usheh West." The deliverance of this speech was oratorical and effective; at each successive gesture Squire camp."

effective; at each successive gesture Squire had swayed his body forth and back.

"Lawd-amassy, how you does go awn!" exclaimed the old man.

"Hit's de troof; an' if it ain't I hope I

"Dat Hirish Is daid?"

The old man slowly brought out his "Tetch it light, boy; hit's mighty pow'ful. an' I don't want to see you mek a
fool o' yo'self."

"Sho' dat is good! Uhmoo! Unc

"Taich it light, boy; hit's mighty pow's first agwine nowhsh now. Unc Squish; I done be'n. An' all I got to do is to git back. But I sawlin to dod, heah you send a fool o' yo'self."

Squish; I done be'n. An' all I got to do is to git back. But I swall to Uod, heah you's encet mo'e, when I sin't neveh been expectin' to see you no' mo'e."

Squish I see you no' mo'e."

Squish I see an indescribable motion of the head, in discount of the head, indicating a complexity of the head, indicating a complexity of the head in the see you up dan on de Ridge, an' I be'n ese you no' and an' shop is to meet to be'n a lookin' to heah dat I done do did it you say dat, niggeh? You be'n a lookin' to heah dat I done do did it you some the head, the better he are takkin' keeh o' yo' wan skin. Now, I let shu know dat."

"Now Unc Squish, also it wait tell Ginnle Lee see you up dan on de Ridge, an' I be'n sheehin' also it meet to with you again. Now, Tou done at me be'n allookin' to heah dat I done do did it you some's mile—but hit allo in 50 dat to git skeehed at You be'n a -cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a -cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a -cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be in a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You be'n a cockin' up yo' yeshs to heah dat? You you so we'n yo' yesh to heah dat? You you so we'n yo' you so we'n you you so we'n

de Doctoh knowed 'im jest as soon as he

laid eyes on 'im."

"You know dat doctoh, too?" Again
Squire's tone indicated a lack of interest.

"Yes, I be'n a-knowin' him mighty nigh

on to two yeah."
"You heah him say ef he know me?" "No, Unc Squiah; I ain't neveh heahed

"Yas, chile; cou'she you is," said the old

man, slewly, not greatly delighted at the implication, yet feeling no revengeful desire to turn the tables on Barney.

'Cou'she you is; ain't dat doctoh a mighty

"Yes, he mighty smaht in some places, dat he is; but den ag'in he ain't got de

sense of a louse."
"He de smahtes' man right now in ole

Finginny," exclaimed Squire, almost an-

smaht man, Bahney?"

You see me?" Yes, Une Squish; cou'se I see you "An' ain't shu 'sprise to see me? Now, come, ain't shu mighty s'prise to see me?"
"Dat I is!" cried Barney, emphatically. "I jest as soon expec' to meet my daddy what be'n dead eveh sence I was knee

high."

"An' you know de reason? You know de reason I heah yit? You don't? Den I gwine to tell you. Hit's dess 'caze I inek a mistake in countin'." claimed with all confidence.

"What de doctoh got to do with all come dat I mek dat mistake. He de smahtes' man-mine w'at I tell you, Bahney—dat man he de smahtes' man dis side o' up Yandeh! You don't b'lieve it?" Barney slowly shook his head. "I aln't a-gwine to 'spute dat he ain't smaht, Unc Squiah; but den, signs is signs."

"Yas, an' dat dess wat he say, too; an' he ain't a-sayin' nothin' ag'in de signs.
But shu see me heah now, don't shu, Bah-

"An' did he git huht?"
"He jest git stunted, dat's all; an' dey done fotch him to. But I tell you what, Unc Squiah, de Cap'm he mighty hot; he say he gwine to make a sample.

"An' w'at he mean by dat?"
"He say dezhe heah Mosby nien dat ride about in home-made clothes an' kill de Union men, he say dey ain't fitten to live, an' he say dat he gwine to see dat Misteh West don't kill no mo'e. Dat's what he mean. He done kill de Lieutenant, an de Cap'm says dat's de las' man what he gwine to kill."

"An' you still sticks to dat man, Bah-ney?" asked the old negro in expostula-"Unc Squiah, I done fole you I gwine back home jest as soon as I can."
"Den noo's de time. You kin dess go

se'f, Bahney. I gwine to took fuh you. An' yo' Cap'm is a gwine to shoot Maha Usheh?"

Usheh?"

"Dat's jest de way he talks, Unc Squiah; but don't shu go to givn' me tway."

"Lawd, chile, you think old Squiah ain't got no sense? Ef you dess tek keeh o' yo'se'f dat's all I ax. I'se got to go, Bahney. W'ich a-way is yo' camp?"

Barney pointed. Both men had risen; Squire's foot was in the stirrup; another instant he was in the saddle. Then Barney stood alone, listening to the sounds of a fast galloping horse.

"Look like Une Squiah he git in a mighty big hurry all at oncet," he thought. "Caze I tell you why, Bahney. You know dat time I put my han' on some-"I sin't neveh gwine to fohgit it, Unc Squish, an' dat's jest what make me say I so mighty glad to see yo' face oncet

CHAPTER XXVI. FOR LIFE AND LOVE. 'How many score of miles may we well Twixt hour and hour?"

From Freeman's camp a messenger, with a led horse, had come for Dr. Lacy. whose skill was needed for the wounded. Junior Morgan was sitting on the porch with Mr. West and Jennie; night had almost come. The talk was not cheerful; son and brother had been in the fray, of which the messenger could not say more than that Freeman's cavalry had met Mosby's men, and that the fight had been bloody

"I hear hard riding," said Morgan. There was no response; all were listen-

Morgan's wound was still giving him trouble, on this day more than usual; he had struck his shoulder against the door. Jennie had already begged him not to sit in the night air.

They saw Mr. West go out of the gate and take stand there. Sounds of furious hoofs rang out on the pike toward Aldie. Whoever it was he was riding for life.

Morgan rose, but he did not go out

at the mouth of the lane a dark spot showed, growing instantly larger as a single horseman came at all speed.

Jennie rose and stood by Junior, a little

The horseman had halted before Mr. "Dat shu, Mahs Tom?"

"It's Uncle Squire," whispered the girl.
They saw a man dismount; they heard speech in low tones. Mr. West was coming hurriedly back. Jennie saw that he had not closed the gate, a neglect very unusual, and her fears grew into torture; she went down the

steps and met him.

"Oh, Father, what is it?"

Outside the yard Morgan mw a motionless horse, a dismounted man standing.

Mr. West did not at once reply, and
when he spoke Jennie hardly knew the

"Usher has been captured, my dear." The words gave her a little relief. "Oh Again he was silent. He doubted whether to tell all he had heard. But would it not be better for her to know now than to be told suddenly when? He decided to speak; his daughter was

"My dear, Squire says that before he was taken he killed an officer, and that Cart. Freeman has swom to to execute "Mr. Morgan!" she called, and Junior came quickly, for the velocities distress

"Uncle Squire!" she called, and the old man threw his bridle over a paling and came forward. "Now, Unele Squire, please tell Lieut. Morgan all you know.' Squire gave the facts of his talk with Barney, concealing only his informant's

"Better two and drive you ought not o go horseback."
"Much quicker," said the Lieutenant. Mr. West went to his stable and chose his easiest saddler and his best—a favorite

"Uncle Squire, you must go with Mr. organ. Won't you go for me?" "Yes'm, I go anywhah you say, Miss "There's no need of his going; I can ride to Aldie very well." said Junior.

"Yes, but I want Uncle Squire to go with you," she said tearfully.

"Well, of course, if you wish it. I may be delayed; I can send him back with comfort to you. I have no idea that Freeman would think for a moment of it."

Innion readed help to mount, but once Junior needed help to mount, but once in the saddle he said he was comfortable: the thing felt natural. The pressure of Mr. West's hand enkindled the highest re-

They had started—the negro riding close to Junior's side.

After a while Mr. West said: "I wonler whose horse that is that Squire is on. I never once thought to ask him."

Junior Morgan in health was a great rider. He had been in the 1st N. Y. Cav. until McClellan's advance to the Chickanominy, and since that time he had served as a courier in all of Pleasonton's campaigns until he had received his wound.

Now he let his horse go; for, although he was still very weak, and his enforced inaction had stiffened him, yet the need was urgent and the road was good.

Morgan spoke but little to the negro. He had seen Squire at work about the house and yard, and had heard Jennie and house and yard, and had heard Jennie and her father speak in great praise of his shrewdness and his fidelity, but had never been with him alone until this night. He took their word for it that the old man had brought no false news, although he could not think that Freeman would be so mad as to go to the extremity of his power without first referring the awful matter to his superiors.

power without first referring the awful matter to his superiors.

Approaching Freeman's camp, Morgan commanded Squire to fall behind and remain without. He answered the sentinel's challenge, and was held until a Sergent, who had been sent for, allowed him to come in. He asked for Freeman, and learned that the Captain had already retired. Then he asked for Lacy, and was soon in the doctor's presence.

"What," exclaimed the Doctor, "you here, Morgan? I was just going to send an ambulance to bring you."

They shook hands, Junior still in the saddle, the Doctor standing by.

"Is it true that Capt. Freeman intends to shoot a—a prisoner?" saked Junior in a halting voice.

"Horribly true. That is just what I was going to send after you about. And it's young West!" cried Lacy, in growing excliement.

port Histories of Notable Regiments

By CO!. WM. F. FOX.

FIRST KANSAS INFANTRY.

REID'S BRIGADE - MCARTHUR'S DIVISION - SEVENTEENTH CORPS.

(1) Cor. GEORGE W. DEITZLER; BRIG.-GEN.

(2) COL WILLIAM Y. ROBERTS.

Companies.	KILLED AND DIED OF WOUNDS.			DIED OF DISEASE, ACCIDENTS, IN PRISON, &c.			Total
	Officers.	Men.	Total.	Officers.	Men.	Total.	Enrollment.
Field and Staff							16
Company A		5	5		11	11	104
В	1		3	1	13	14	115
<u>c</u>		20 -	20		14	14	141
D	1 4-11	9	10		15	15	137
E		18	18		12	14	146
F	1	14	15		14	14	121
.G	•	7	7		12	12	127
Н	1	23	24	- Dec	10	10	144
1,	1	15	16		13	13	129
K	- 2	7	9		8	8	128
Totals	7	120	-127	3	122	125	1,308

Total of killed and wounded, 330.

	K.&M.W.	BATTLES. K. &
Vilson's Creek, Mo		Atchafalaya, La
uscumbia Mountain, Miss	. 2	Vicksburg, Miss. (1864)
old River, La	1	Columbia, Ark
ayou Macon, La	3	Guerrillas
ake Providence, La		Rebel Prison Guard
ross Bayou, La		Place unknown
lexandria, La		

Present, also, at Dug Springs, Mo.; Trenton, Tenn.; Tallahatchie, Miss.; Big Black River, Miss.; Yazoo

Notes .- Organized at Leavenworth in May, 1861, and in June, was ordered into Missouri where it joined General Lyon's forces. It fought at Wilson's Creek, August 10, 1861, a desperate battle in which General Lyon was killed, and in which the regiment suffered an unusual loss, its casualties amounting to 77 killed, 187 wounded, and 20 missing; a total of 284, out of 644 engaged; four line officers were killed, and Colonel Deitzler was severely that " for downright, hard, persistent fighting, Wilson's Creek beat them all." After this battle the regiment was stationed in Missouri until May, 1862, when it was ordered to Corinth. The summer of 1862 was spent in opening and guarding the Mobile & Ohio R. R. In January, 1863, it moved to Young's Point, opposite Vicksburg, where the regiment was mounted by order of General Grant. It served as mounted infantry during the ensuing eighteen months, including the siege of Vicksburg, after which it joined the expedition to Natchez. During this time it was engaged, almost continuously, on scouting and outpost duty. In October, 1863, it returned to Vicksburg, and was stationed at Black River Bridge, twelve miles south of the city, where it went into winter quarters. The spring of 1864 was also passed in the vicinity of Vicksburg. On June 1, 1864, the regiment, excepting two companies of reënlisted men and recruits, embarked on transports for home, its term of service having expired. While passing Columbia, Ark., the steamer was fired on by an eight-gun battery, killing two of the men. The two companies remaining in the field were continued in service until August 30, 1865,

FIRST UNITED STATES SHARPSHOOTERS - "BERDAN'S."

WARD'S BRIGADE - BIRNEY'S DIVISION - THIRD CORPS.

(1) COL. HIRAM BERDAN ; BYT. BRIG.-GEN.

(2) COL. GEORGE G. HASTINGS.

COMPANIES.	KILLED AND DIED OF WOUNDS.			DIED OF DISEASE, ACCIDENTS, IN PRISON, &c.			Total
	Officers.	Men.	Total.	Officers.	Men.	Total.	Enrollment.
Field and Staff	1		1	ı	7	2	14
Co. A - New York		15	15	Service Control	10	10	124
Co. B-New York		13	13		13	13	157
Co. C-Michigan	1	17	13				137
Co. D - New York	1	7	8		17 8	17 8	138
Co. E -N. Hampshire	2	13	15		11	11	113
Co. F Vermont		31	31		10	19	182
Co. G - Wisconsin	2	20	22		19	18	176
Co. H-New York	1	6	7	•	8	8	110
Co. I -Michigan	1	11	12		13	13	121
Co. K—Michigan	1	10	11		10	10	120
Totals	10	143	153	1	128	129	1,392

153 killed - 10.9 per cent.

BATTLES.	K. & M. W.	BATTLES.	K. & M.
orktown, Va	4	Kelly's Ford, Va	
Ianover C. H., Va	2	Locust Grove, Va. (Mine Run)	
fechanicsville, Va	I	Wilderness, Va	
Saines's Mill, Va	5	Spotsylvania, Va	
Hendale, Va	8	Hanovertown, Va	
falvern Hill, Va	5	Cold Harbor, Va	
fanassas, Va	10	Petersburg, Va. (assault 1864)	
ntietam, Md	1	Weldon Railroad, Va., June 22, 18	
hepherdstown, Va	2	Siege of Petersburg, Va	
Chancellorsville, Va		Strawberry Plains, Va	
ettysburg, Pa		Deep Bottom, Va	
Vapping Heights, Va	COLUMN TO THE TAXABLE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE P	Boydton Road, Va	

Present, also, at Big Bethel (1862); Williamsburg; Savage Station; South Mountain; Fredericksburg; Auburn; Po River; North Anna.

Notes .- The unique regiment of the war. Berdan's Sharpshooters were United States troops, in which respect they were different from other volunteer regiments; each company, however, was furnished entire by some one State. In 1861, General Berdan received authority from the War Department to organize a regiment of skilled marksmen from companies to be recruited in various States, and in March, 1862, it was ordered to the Peninsula. where it was attached to the Fifth Corps. The men took an active part in the Siege of Yorktown, their target rifles and deadly aim rendering the enemy's batteries nearly useless. While there, the men were supplied with Sharp's rifles of an improved pattern and excellent finish, manufactured expressly for their use. In 1863 the regiment was transferred to the Third Corps, and thence, in 1864, to the Second. It distinguished itself at Chancellorsville. where its skirmishers captured the Twenty-third Georgia; its loss in that battle was 11 killed, 51 wounded, and 6 missing. At Gettysburg, Colonel Berdan with a detachment of his men, supported by the Third Maine, made the important and memorable reconnoissance on the morning of July 2d, which developed the movements of the enemy, but with a severe loss to the small number engaged. The regiment was also hotly engaged at Mine Run, where Lieutenant-Colonel Caspar Trepp, then in command, was killed.

EDITORIAL NOTE: The above pages are reproduced from Col. Fox's famous book, "Regimental Losses." Other pages, giving short histories of notable regiments, will appear from week to week. It is hoped the appearance of these short histories will stimulate comrades to send in material for the preparation of more complete histories of their respective regiments than have yet appeared.